NUMB. XXVIII.

The LOVER.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, *Gent.*

——Nihil invitæ triſtis cuſtodia prodeſt:
Quam peccare pudet, Cynthia, tuta ſateſt. Proper.

Thurſday, April 29. 1714.

MY Correſpondents ſhall do my Buſineſs for me to Day.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'I Throw this Letter from two Pair of Stairs, 'with half a Crown with it, in an old Glove, 'in hopes he that takes it up for am watch-'ing till a Porter, or ſome ſuch body paſſes 'by) will carry it to your *Lodge*. I have none to 'complain to but your ſelf. I am locked up for 'fear of making my Eſcape to a Gentleman, whoſe 'Addreſſes I received by my Father's Approbation, 'tho' now his Pretenſions are diſallowed for the 'ſake of a richer Man; I have no help in this miſe-'rable Condition, nor Means to relieve my ſelf, 'but by deſiring you to Print the encloſed in your 'very next *Lover*. The Gentleman who is to mar-'ry me has viſited me twice or thrice alone, and 'indeed I ſee ſuch infallible Marks of the moſt un-'feigned and reſpectful Paſſion towards me, that it 'is with great Anguiſh I write to him in the Sin-'cerity of my Heart, which I know will be a ſin-'cere Affliction to him. It is no matter for a Di-'rection by his Name; he reads your Paper, and 'will too ſoon gather that the Circumſtances of 'my Letter can concern only himſelf.

SIR,

"I T is a very ill Return which I make to "the Reſpect you have for me, when I ac-"knowledge to you, that, tho' the Day for our "Marriage is appointed, I am incapable of loving "you; you may have obſerved, in the long Con-"verſations we have had at thoſe times that we "were lately left together, that ſome Secret hung up-"on my Mind: I was obliged to an ambiguous "Behaviour, and durſt not reveal my ſelf further, "becauſe my Mother, from a Cloſet near the "Place where we ſate, could both hear and ſee our "Converſation. I have ſtrict Commands from "both my Parents to receive you, and am undone "for ever, except you will be ſo kind and generous "as to refuſe me. Conſider, Sir, the Miſery "of beſtowing your ſelf upon one who can have "no Proſpect of Happineſs but from your Death. "This is a Confeſſion made perhaps with an offen-"ſive Sincerity, but that Conduct is much to be "preferred to a covert Diſlike, which could not "but pall all the Sweets of Life, by impoſing on you "a Companion that doats and languiſhes for ano-"ther. I will not go ſo far as to ſay, my Paſſion "for the Gentleman whoſe Wife I am by Promiſe "would lead me to any thing criminal againſt your "Honour, but know it is dreadful enough to a Man "of your Senſe to expect nothing but forced Civilities "in return for tender Endearments, and cold Eſteem "for unreſerved Love. If you will on this occaſion "let Reaſon take place of Paſſion, I doubt not but "Fate has in ſtore for you ſome worthier Object "of your Affection, in recompence of your Good-"neſs to the only Woman that could be inſenſible "of your Merit.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

M. H.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'I Am a young Woman perfectly at my own Li-'berty, Two and twenty, in the height and 'affluence of good Health, good Fortune, and good 'Humour; but I know not how, I muſt acknow-'ledge there is ſomething Solitary and Diſtreſt in 'the very natural Condition of our Sex, till we 'have wholly rejected all thoughts of Marriage, or 'made our Choice. The Man has not yet appear-'ed to theſe Eyes, whom I could like for a Huſ-'band. I therefore apply my ſelf to you, to let 'the Town know there is, not many Furlongs from 'your *Lodge*, one that lives with too much Eaſe, 'and

'and is undone for want of that acceptable kind of 'Uneasiness, the Importunity of Lovers. If you 'can send me half a dozen, I promise to take him 'who addresses me with most Gallantry and Wit, 'and to yield to one of them within six Months 'after their first Declaration that they are my Servants; but at the same time I expect them to fight 'one another for me, and promise to be particularly Civil to him who first has his Arm in a Scarf 'for my Sake. I expect that they turn their Fury 'and Skill towards disarming, or slightly wounding, 'not killing one another; for I shall not take it 'for Respect to me to lessen the Number of my 'Slaves; at the same time the Conquered is to beg, 'and the Victor is to give Life for my Sake only. 'You must know, Sir, I value more being envied by 'Women, than loved by Men, and there is nothing 'proclaims a Beauty so effectually, as an Interview 'of her Lovers behind *Mountague-house*. In hopes 'of a Serenade, soon after the Publication of this 'Letter, I rest in dull Tranquility,

Your most Affectionate
Humble Servant,
Clidamira.

Mr. MYRTLE,

'YOU must know I am one of those Cox-'combs who know my self to be abused, but 'have not Resolution enough to resent it as I ought; 'to tell you plainly, I am a kind Keeper, and know 'my self to be the most servile of Cuckolds, so I am 'wronged by a Woman whom I may part with when 'I please, but am afraid that when I please will never 'happen. As other People write Verses and Sonnets 'to deplore the Cruelty of their Mistress, I could 'think of nothing better this Morning than diverting my self, and soothing my Folly by the Example of Men of Wit, who have formerly been in my 'Condition. I was glad to meet an Epigram of 'a Gentleman I suppose your Worship is acquainted with, that hit my Condition, and make you a 'Present of it, as I have improved and translated it 'in the jaunty Stile *of a Man of Wit and Pleasure about the Town*. Pray allow me to call her 'my Dear for the Rhyme sake; for I never writ 'Verses till she vexed me:

De Infamia suæ Puellæ

Rumor ait crebro nostram peccare puellam;
Nunc ego me surdis auribus esse velim,
Crimina non hæc sunt nostro sine facta dolore:
Quid miserum torques, rumor acerbe? tace.

The Town reports the Falshood of my Dear,
To which I cry, oh that I could not hear!
I love her still, Peace then thou Babler Fame,
And let me rest contented in my Shame.

'Pray give my humble Service to Mrs. *Page*; 'you honourable Lovers have a good Conscience 'to support you in your Vexations, but we alas — 'I am

Your humble Servant,
Giles Limberham.

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I Edward Stacy, Weaver, in Butler's Ally in Little Moorfield, was troubled with the Scurvy, Dropsie, and Prittick, in so violent a manner, that I could not lie down in my Bed, but was forced to take my Rest in a Chair, and could get no Cure till I took the Medecines of Mr. John Moore, Apothecary at the Pestle and Mortar in Alchurch-lane, London; he, through the Blessing of God, has perfectly restored me to my former health, and tho' I gave him full Satisfaction for his Medecines, for the good of others I desire this may be Publish'd, as Witness my Hand, April 2, 1714. Edw. Stacy.

These are to give Notice,

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